

Avalanche of time

Time rises as it falls

Experts thought it had wasted itself, disappeared into a flimsy, uncontagious germ.

Time had not given up. Squeezing returned with its tiny moans of invisible sacrifice. Babies became articulate leaders, pronouncing blood and suicide as necessary collateral in a United States of predictive sex.

I led a studio audience batch-scratching 38 kittens with my unique, patent-pending device made only of placental detritus scooped from an owl’s breath. The owl, no stranger to paradise, aligned its imaginary potions and telephone operettæ with quality, dependable brand names and missionary-position heterosexual lovers maximizing their fornicating time to tongue-lickingly converse about news and current events of the hour.

The uncontagious deserve better, more reliable access to molecular name-calling. Our current atmosphere of using and reusing intellectually sticky propaganda to paint over unhappy memories will not leave even an article of justice to our descendants.

I challenge all internal rejoicers to a match. You think you are happy? Make it chess. Make it a competitive haircut. Make it ritually bored fucking in the front seat of my dad’s Town Car. Make it even a mustard taste-test. Anything you know, I will meet you in the ring.



A young boy casually murders his older, smiling, much bigger sister. This act occurred in Germany, on a modestly-appointed United States military residential compound. July, 1958.



Calvary Cemetery, with its centurys-already headstart, will outlast 432 Park by unknown generations. Talks underway would throw 432 Park to the soil while Calvary’s decay stubbornly thrives. Waters of time rise, fall, slip, lick. Backs once scratched by handless arm-wrestlers of Calvary today lurch, aimless, in seasick nausea atop 432 Park.

Bunned hair has no voice

Please place garbage in the spill-proof digestor

However rangy and stale my past aggregations may seem to contemporary jugglers I maintain the belief, the *faith*, that our halls of congress are no place for indiscriminate analysis or assessment. Standards remain far too crisp for an output of work that softens with entropy.

Instead of the usual horse-hounded bureaucracy I would prefer a healthy, stealthy spire of disintegration. It would benefit all parties, not just the stuffed animals we keep hidden in our ant farms. The ants, too, would benefit from the rubberstamped authority my internal muscle spasms bestow upon otherwise low-level correspondences.

I remain tiresomely vigilant of docilities and tender conundrums we encounter in the course of our daily ablutions. Too much shampoo today? Why did my soap break? Did that woman subtly invite me into the carnival under her delicious, dripping skirt? I know how cunts drip. Someone’s lukewarm air crossed mine.

Natural mental overhangs of anxiety associated with commercial aviation and long-distance train travel make these prime settings for Familiar-Stranger encounters. In my case the setting of a Nebraska national monument in the late afternoon proved to be a setting conducive to mental exhaust.

Unfortunately, invisibility’s powers of absolution never received proper testing for indecision and absent-mindedness. This turned thousands of pancaked conversations into artificial ruins at the bottoms of childhood’s fish tanks and aquariae. My wonder years were spent studying stagnant windmills and disintegrating Santa Clauses as carcasses of goldfish and rope fish moldered into dirt.

The greatest power of invisibility is its gravity, distinct from but not competitive with that of Earth.

Criminal possession
of a weapon
110-265.03 FD

One fist held especially tight at an encounter one should never forget but which cannot be remembered for anything else.

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Haiku

We slouch on a porch
Seeking wisdom from neighbors
waddling past, lying?

Let us haul time itself
across our country

Don’t forget to poop first

In mere seconds we transformed our lives, whispering our true feelings through poisoned mouths, sanctifying them before settling in for the century.

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mark thomas

Suit claims “She is calling from the basement.”

Elderly ex-con speaks out after fornicating with the devil.

He warned me: “This is the most watched building in Brooklyn. No women. No kids. Just a bunch of us fucking up our lives with every breath. I can’t stop it, man. Cannot stop fucking up.”

Every word he spoke proved true. But lies poured out of the rest of his body with the gusto of a cat vomiting satanic cucumbers it had diligently chewed and swallowed.

His voice, suddenly sharp and shrill as a cactus in your fire, blasted paranoid fantasies of the people sneaking urine into his home, forcing him to drink it.

When speaking truthfully his vocal timbres emulated the sounds of dials turning on a tchotchke machine.

At other times, when pretending to understand a complicated blueberry pureé recipe, his words rolled through unloved, uneaten parades organized generations earlier but canceled due to linguistic differences among the bandleaders.

He nestled into the comfort of departure. Taut lips, all-knowing grimace, he spoke:

“If speaking gleefully one must ascertain their risk-aversion. Disasters escalate into catastrophes when unexpected emotional triggers turn one ear deaf and the other able only to hear words in Swedish. You do not speak Swedish. Instead you tangle the words into worms, filling basements with homicidal tubes of phlegm.”



No explanation for why Lefrak City put what appear to be exhaust grates on three but not all four of its surfaces under the majestically-lettered place name. Some jokingly call the place Lefark City because the A and R look so similar at a glance.

Palmer Stiles

Every June a flask is filled

I take it to the cemetery, and the thankful dead.

The earth’s core, as described in Xavier Tourneau’s “Picnics for Populists” is a “mosh pit for the undead.” Tourneau further details its physical composition as “overwhelmingly hypodermic, with needles pushing other needles into

seductively gentle spasms. The spasms emerge like expected infants but quickly swell to a force where injecting tractors and tanks would cripple them, ending a war that never knew it had started. Needles become hairs in your tongue and toys.

Richard Nixon

The Zucchini Wars Revisited

It is not widely known that as a Whittier College student I spent a summer hiking Switzerland’s mountains with a group of other college students from around the world. I befriended a Japanese woman, a couple of Russian men, two Swedish women, and others.

One afternoon I went down to a river to catch fish for evening supper. I was the most skilled at fishing and loved doing it.

When I returned to camp I found 3 of the other hikers dead, their faces consumed by unidentifiable insects and their innards wrested out by unknown beasts of the forest.

No one blamed me. How could they? I was two miles away at the river, catching fish.

Decades later, as Watergate’s tar repaved American politics, the surviving members of that hike convened, drumming up a theory that Nixon had killed those hikers. At the time of our hike parts of Switzerland were engaged in the Zucchini Wars, a comical sounding conflict which saw use of sophisticated neutron ammunition and extrasensory attacks from no obvious attacker. For the record Nixon had no knowledge of the Zucchini Wars or any of its armies’ tactics. Thank you, and may God bless America.



Nixon seen campaigning outside his home in February, 1913, just one month fresh from the womb. Nixon was born with a speaker in his chest that doubled as a hidden microphone, a unique birth defect which served him well throughout his political career.

Palmer Stiles

Time tell

Updates on the week in time



A whole heap of time was found masturbating at Calvary Cemetery last week, as disinterested geese and roosters plucked at the soil, eating their own shit and smiling about it to passers-by.

This week’s progress of time includes several confirmed instances of limited quantities throughout the Idiospectric Nonosphere, the region of the northeastern United States where terrible truths go to hide and eventually disintegrate into lightly acidic rainwater. Some of these truths were found boiled to death at a New Jersey fast food establishment, but most are safely accounted for.

Western Americans felt sudden claps of forgotten time as a freak outbreak of *tempasto vorticulus* burst out across that region’s Antiseptic Nonosphere. Millions of citizens spent the afternoon of Thursday, September 22, forcing hundreds of forgotten hours to disappear down government-manufactured Time Tubes.

Concerns remain as to how much forgotten time the earth can accommodate. But in these gold rush days of time the exuberance of vanquishing it, albeit quite slowly, seems impossible to resist when the rare opportunity arises.

A Minnesota court ordered the immediate return of over 12,000 hours to a childless couple from St. Paul. The verdict, which came with an amount of hours greatly in excess of actual temporal damages, was considered compensatory. The couple spent several hundred hours engaged in non-sexual activities they believed would result in the woman’s pregnancy. Activities included teaching monkeys to play Ping-Pong, community service at a center for clarinet addicts, and rubbing the woman’s buttocks against lukewarm pots of coffee.

Cedric Chammes

Notes for a Rap Song
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i was innocent
baloney and rice
i understand hamburger and
spice
baloney and jelly sandwich
peanut butter burger and bacon

that's no nigger. that's a black
man.
i got 50¢. you only got a quarter.
my bank account can't be bigger
than your bag of candy.
you got pennies? i got dimes!



This woman spent several hours posturing, posing, and positioning herself for the perfect selfie. Midland Beach on Staten Island is where I ended up one summer day, watching this and other women take selfies.



To the lawyer at 790 Grand Concourse

PUTTING MY CARS IN A ROW, A DUCKBILLED
CRACKLE OF CEMENT GROWLED BRISKLY,
SWATTING ITSELF WITH CREATIONARY VIOLENCE,
EXPLODING WITH SOIL OF YOUR RESENTMENT.
SOUND HAILS ABOVE YOUR IMPATIENCE. HEAVEN
GRUMBLES ABOVE A FLOODING WORLD.
CENTURIES DROWN WITH IMAGINARY
BALDHEADED MEN AT YOUR HIGH SCHOOL PROM,
DROPPING LIKE UNWANTED, MOLDY BALONEY
SLABS INTO LUXURY’S IDLE BRAIN CAVITY, THAT
STORIED, STUTTERING PLACE DEMANDING
INTRUSIONS AND EXPOSING INTELLECTUALLY
MUSCULAR WEAKNESSES. YOU SMEAR YOURSELF
WITH LOW-CLASSSED CONDIMENTS AND

ALLERGY-INDUCING WINE FROM FABRICATED
REGIONS OF AUSTRALIA AND SOUTH AMERICA,
UNINSPECTED ZONES OF OUR SHARED EARTH
WHERE ANYTHING CAN GET AWAY FROM HOT
LAVÆ OF SURVEILLANCES POURING THEMSELVES
OVER THE FLOODED PLANET, SEARING GALAXIES
OF ASTHMATIC GODS AND FUSSY ONE NIGHT
STANDS WITH GASSY RETORTS OF COLOSSAL
BOILING AND UNIMAGINABLE FIRE. HEAT STRAYS
FROM PLANETS INTO GALAXIES INTO
INCALCULABLY UNSEARCHABLE, UNINDEXED
REALMS OF UNSPEAKABLE SYMPATHIES
TRANSFORMED INTO UNSAVED PANIC.



We met at the Oculus, allowing for knowing comments about how her Chinese mother gave birth to a child whiter than I am.

Criminal Possession of a Secret

110-265.03 FD



Mark Thomas

Shame was on the line. I entered into the beginning of something new, but also something quite old, and unforgotten. Nothing about it is masterful. No one even understood the languages I spoke. I understand very few of the words they used.

I let her hold my hand very tightly. It did not have to be that way, but she felt I was a risk to run away. Our engagement was prearranged by her father and a priest who disagreed over what was best for her. How I became corralled into this arrangement, a middle-aged singleton with a checkered past in many different realms, I may never know. But I accepted the contract between myself and this young woman half my age. She was my daughter.

I found her existence exciting at first. Unexpected and exhilarating when I put together a puzzle I'd almost forgotten I was a piece of. But once the thrill of discovery wore off, once the fascination of how interesting lives lived can be turned into an everyday forget, I shrugged it off and mostly put it away. So what if I fathered a child 25 years ago? She came from an affair with a married woman, a loveless series of encounters in which I was truly nothing more than a sperm donor. Her husband was infertile or unwilling (I never knew which). I don't know if she really loved the guy or stayed with him for his money. I later learned he knew all about me and my encounters with his wife.

The choice bit of lingering intrigue involves the girl's ethnicity. I won the gene wars here. How else could a Chinese woman give birth to such a completely white child? The resemblances to me, facial likenesses especially, were unmistakable. Her body frame resembled my mother's, which I remember any time I see the RFK/Triborough Bridge. Mother's stern, pointed shoulders, echoed in that bridge's rectangular-shaped masts, were born again in the body of this young woman with whom I agreed to spend a summer afternoon.

We had little to talk about, but I was blunt. *I boned your mother several times 25 years ago. I always regretted it. Now that I know you've been here all this time it changes something. I don't regret it as much, but I feel used.*

Seeming to have expected the sentiment she exhibited no reaction. She had no hurt in her. Only pain.

No one understood the languages I spoke. I failed to understand hers.

We met at the Oculus, her priest and father seeing her off but not approaching me or getting involved with our conversation.

"It's very white here. Isn't that appropriate?" She laughed, nervously. Her generation pretended to be race-blind, but she spent her childhood believing that being born Caucasian to Chinese parents was just a fluke. What a sorry excuse for a lie.

A DNA swab confirmed her suspicions. She was something less than half Chinese, then various percentages Czech, British, Hillbilly, Greek, etc. Those percentages matched mine almost precisely. We still don't understand why she looks so fucking white, though, with not a hint of Asian characteristics.

I don't remember our conversations. She held my hand almost the entire time, tightly until I politely asked her to soften the grip. She softened, but never released.

She wanted something from me. Something I don't have.

I want something from her, too. If she has it, I will refuse.